

# The Skeleton Ghost

Romance with ghost

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# THE SKELETON GHOST

By

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## CHAPTER 1

Around midnight, with the moon in her full splendor, the Blue Valley guesthouse rose in its stately grandeur in the Brooklyn area of the East River, New York City.

The spacious lawns in front of it were crowded with people of both sexes and all ages. There were all kinds of professionals: attorneys, judges, doctors, engineers, software engineers, newspaper editors and, strangely, even scientists. Fear of the mysterious skeleton-ghost had brought them all together. Amidst this huge gathering sat Pharaoh, a thirty-five-year-old and six-foot tall splendidly muscular man with an athletic frame. His eyes were closed as he was in deep meditation. Indeed, he was chanting incantations in Egyptian Coptic, the language of magic, witchcraft, and sorcery.

Pharaoh was one of the top sorcerers in the world and was now engaged in subduing the skeleton-ghost that had struck terror in New

York City and its surroundings, claiming six lives. The media were hot with the sensational news of the killings.

Spy cameras set up by a number of TV channels had shot footage of the ghost's destructive movements and activities. It was clear that it was neither magic nor trick photography. This skeleton-ghost and its devastation were for real. The fear, which had brought together people from all the sections of New York City, was very real, too. Even scientists usually skeptical of ghosts have been convinced by the footage and were treating the threat as real. Everyone who had gathered was confident in Pharaoh's ability to seize the ghost and lay it to rest. As they waited, and as Pharaoh meditated, one could hear a pin drop in that silence, but the silence did not last long.

Suddenly, the crowd began to scatter, and the whole area, so quiet just a few minutes before, was filled with the yelling and shouting of a panicked mob running in different directions as if fleeing a monster. The object that panicked them was there, the spirit that they had sought protection from. Everyone was running for his life.

Pharaoh, disturbed in his meditation, opened his cat eyes and found himself standing face to face with the cause of all this disruption.

The live skeleton-ghost appeared to be a framework of two-hundred and six bones, every bone in its place. It walked waving its hands and arms of bones just as humans do.

The shocking thing was it was an animated human skeleton more than six feet in height. It moved about as though it were a normal human being, except that it had no flesh and blood. It acted as any human being would act and move about. The live skeleton-ghost stood in the air with a little gap between floor and foot bones. In spite of the rigidity of the bones, it had a flexibility of movement. Quite agile, it took long strides. The most astounding thing was the skeleton's eyeballs. They suggested life in the skeleton. This skull

had real eyeballs in place of the holes. These eyeballs, quite animated and having the sense of sight, suggested a similarity between a live human being and the skeleton. There were, however, no eyelids to cover the eyes. They looked as though they were fitted by force into the sockets.

The ghost looked at Pharaoh threateningly. Too scared to speak, the Pharaoh abruptly shrieked, “Ggghoossstt....ghost...ghost!” His whole body shivered and without his knowledge, he wet his pants. Barely able to find words, he begged the skeleton to spare his life.

“Do ghosts exist?” its rough male voice asked him. The words in a gruff, loud voice came from the skull’s hole of a mouth, which, though it had no visible tongue, had two movable jaws, a row of teeth set in each of them. The skeleton was not a new thing to Pharaoh, but a skull that had movable jaws and a voice and could speak. This was more than he could understand. Fear kept him tongue-tied.

“Speak out,” it demanded. There was no mistaking the threat in the voice.

Pharaoh said fearfully the opposite of what he wanted to say. He said, “No...No...ghost... No ghost...”

“Then who am I?” it asked in a still more threatening voice.

“Ghost! Yeah...yes... ghosts do exist,” Pharaoh said in a quivering, husky voice.

The skeleton-ghost burst into triumphant laughter that conveyed many meanings, but the laughter stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

“Mr. Robin Cole, I didn’t kill you. Don’t kill me, please,” Pharaoh begged.

“Born free... taxed to death,” it said violently. Its eyes glowed red, filled with a red fluid. The ghost’s bony hands gripped Pharaoh’s head. He was so terror-struck that he was barely able to think. The skeleton-ghost wrung his neck a full one-hundred-eighty degrees. His heart stopped. Pharaoh’s neck flesh had been cut. He was no more. The fluid that filled the eyes of the ghost dried up. He bit the neck of Pharaoh, tore his flesh to pieces and threw them about.

Spy cameras shot the incident, and the New Star TV channel was telecasting it live throughout the world. More than a hundred police officers and army personnel had been waiting for this moment. Though initially stunned by the incident, the police and the army personnel recovered from the shock quickly and took positions around the area. Most of them were gallant people who did not believe in the supernatural and had volunteered to encounter the monster, the skeleton-ghost. They were here on their own to settle scores with this menacing monster.

The typical belief was that human beings turned to ghosts after their death. The ghost was insubstantial and intangible, so trying to shoot it dead would not yield any result.

Could they capture the ghost, they wondered?

How was it possible? What was to be done?

The New York City Police Department (NYPD), along with the forces drawn from the army reserve, mustered all their courage, and stood around it. One look of the skeleton-ghost froze all the determined men. In spite of the powerful weapons, some of them wet their pants. Fear blanked out their thinking, and they forgot to use their weapons. The weird shape of the ghost was more than they could face. They thought only of running away. The ghost appeared to understand that they feared it.

The commissioner of NYPD, Phillip H. Delahunt, stood at a distance, supervising the operation and watching the skeleton monster with as much fear as anyone.

As though it read his thoughts, it said in an ordering tone, “Come and arrest me.” It even offered its hand bones to be cuffed. None dared to move toward it. In a sudden movement, it seized the handcuffs from one of the police officers and locked them around its own wrists. This added astonishment to their fear.

The earth has two halves, the dark and the bright. In the same way, the human being’s understanding is limited to one-half of the world, the half that science explains.

There is still the other half, the half that is beyond their understanding, yet to be probed by science.

The known is nothing when compared with the vast unknown, the world uncharted by science. Unfortunately, not everything can be explained by science.

Therein lies the world of the supernatural and the occult, defying all logic.

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It was New York City District Court, ten in the morning. For the first time in the history of New York City, the whole city appeared to shut down, though unofficially. The streets were deserted. All business centers remained closed. With almost no persons stirring at shops, bus stops, railway stations and airports, the city looked desolate. The city, known as the sleepless city, appeared now sound asleep.

Over the rest of the world, however, people were watching the city through the electronic media. Regardless of the rights to telecast, every channel was telecasting the district court in New York City.

Countless media persons from all over the world had converged on the court premises to cover the event that would unfold there in a short while. Crowds had gathered on the roads leading to the court. NYPD police and Army forces were present in full strength to control the crowd.

Four army helicopters hovered in the air with weapons. They were ready to attack the ghost, if it created any problem. The security arrangements there were much tighter than those made for the President. Every security arrangement was in the White House to destroy the ghost if it proved dangerous. They did not want to take any chances.

Magistrates and the attorneys, judges of other counties, and the others connected with law were there watching this interesting case. A ghost on trial, well, that was something unprecedented anywhere in the world. The skeleton-ghost was going to present its defense and plead for justice.

More than fifty vehicles and four ambulances in a convoy drove up to the court. Then followed armored cars from which descended soldiers and commandos with modern weapons. They took positions immediately.

A special bulletproof vehicle arrived. There started a fresh commotion among the media persons and the people there. Their attention focused on the bulletproof vehicle.

At last, the door of the car opened. The skeleton-ghost left the vehicle and stood out in the air. Commissioner, Phillip observed the gap between road and its feet bones. It turned its skull around to survey the scene. The eyes in the skull looked pasted to it. The sight of the monster sent a chill up their spines and caused them all to fee ill.

The skeleton-ghost with measured steps walked towards Phillip. Again, he observed the gap between road and its feet bones.

Then, as if from nowhere, a voice was heard. “Shall we move into the court?”

Phillip’s parched lips and dry throat did not allow him to speak. He just nodded in assent. The thunderous voice sent shivers through those gathered there. They then realized that it was it proposing they move to the court. They were like those near a lion in a circus.

A medical student, Cherry, stepped forward from the crowd and stood in front of the ghost. As the monster turned its head to her, she asked it, shivering, “What’s your name?”

“Cole...Robin Cole,” it said stylishly.

“Why are you imitating, ‘Bond...James Bond’?”

“I am fond of Sean Connery.” It spoke in a romantic tone like Sean Connery.

“Have you died?”

“I do not suffer from death. I enjoy every minute of it.”

“Are you really a ghost?”

That was all. It sent up a roar of anger. She fainted, at once. Some others also fainted. The others, screaming in panic, ran helter-skelter. The skeleton-ghost stepped over the fainted Cherry and casually walked into the courthouse.

No human power could stop the ghost from committing crimes.

Catching it, as had been seen, was out of the question.

Even if it were to be tried, which laws would apply? Which court had the jurisdiction?

If tried and convicted, how could the punishment be executed?

If a life sentence were clapped on the ghost, how was it to be carried out?

Who would guard it and in what kind of prison? If it were to be hanged, how could it be done?

These were the questions to answer for which the people were wracking their brains. To believe this incredible situation, we have to go far back, to the roots of these events.

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## CHAPTER 2

New York City Seventh Avenue subway local train was rushing from Manhattan to Brooklyn at a great speed. All compartments were packed, as it was the prime time in the morning.

Robin Cole sat in a compartment. He was tall, self-possessed, dignified and had a movies star's good looks. He looked a perfect

model with a muscular body, more than six feet in height, and the light pink complexion of the skin confirmed his rich financial capitalistic background. He wore a light blue shirt tucked into dark blue jeans.

The train stopped at Brooklyn station. When Robin was about to get off the train along with co-passengers, he felt someone pick up his wallet in his right back pocket. He was alert and caught the wrist. He did not make an issue of it, but just dragged the person onto the platform.

Robin saw the hand of a girl around twenty-five years old. Her big-size breasts pushed out of the white sleeveless V-necked top. She wore a red short tie-dye frock and appeared very alluring. Her thighs appeared very strong and inviting, but her clothes were dirty and her chic short hair was disturbed. Her sensual and attractive light violet eyes shone like diamonds. She had an old handbag. He thought her poverty might have encouraged her to the theft.

The crowd left the platform, almost jostling one another. He let go her hand slowly. She did not try to escape. He picked up his cigarette packet and offered a cigarette to her.

She simply said, "I don't have such bad habits."

"Don't you know that pick pocketing is the worst habit?" he asked.

"You know that smoking is harmful. You pretty well know that it is an offence to smoke in public place. We do many follies intentionally. This is also like that. Do not take life too seriously; you will not get out alive."

He was surprised by her logic. He put the cigarette back into his pocket. He looked at her eyes. "What you have done it is absolutely wrong," he advised.

“It is far better than prostitution for a beautiful girl like me. I am unmarried and virgin.”

He thought she was correct. He had no anger for her. He understood her problem. He took out his wallet and found two ten-dollar bills. He offered one of them to her.

“Sorry guy, I don’t accept charity,” she smoothly refused his alms and smiled.

“Money is what you need. Why do you think of the source of it?”

“I want to earn it, not get it as a fucking charity. We get satisfied with the money we earn in our own profession,” she concluded.

He felt the conviction in her voice. “Get out and live in the shit,” he said angrily and turned to leave the place.

“Don’t you want to hand over me to the cops?” she asked in surprise.

He turned round and looked at her. “I think you aren’t that bad,” he said confidently.

“Aren’t you afraid you’re going to be cheated?” She was looking into his eyes deeply and provocatively.

“No, until now I have never been cheated in any way and I can’t excuse anyone who tries to cheat me,” he said with great assurance. She looked surprised.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Madonna.”

Her handbag fell down as she turned to leave. He picked it up and gave it to her.

She said, “Thank you,” patted him on his buttock and moved on, mixed with the people that had gathered again.

Robin walked thoughtfully forward on the pavement. He reached a bookshop to buy a magazine and put his hand in his pocket for his wallet. He was shocked at once. The wallet was gone!

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It was three in the afternoon; Brooklyn’s police station was busy with visitors, police officers, petty thieves etc. Robin came and met a NYPD Inspector named Steven and complained about the loss of his wallet. When he started describing the thief, Steven asked, “Did she say stealing was better than prostitution?”

Robin was surprised and said, “You are absolutely correct. She said that ‘I am unmarried and virgin’.”

“Half the population of guys from New York City has enjoyed her,” Steven said, and showed Jennifer’s photograph in the computer. Robin nodded in shock and recognized her. Steven asked him for a written complaint against her.

“Punishment isn’t the correct treatment. I want to change her character,” Robin said confidently.

Steven looked at him seriously and asked, “Are you Mr. Robin Cole?”

He nodded. Steven learned from newspapers that Robin reformed the characters of some notorious criminals. Then Steven changed his way of talking and offered a cup of coffee. Later on, he had a few words of appreciation about Robin’s work.

Steven advised, “There is no word in English to say what she is.”

“Don’t worry, sir, I’ll create a new word for her.”

“Don’t sleep in a graveyard and don’t pray to God.”

“I am interested in converting a ghost into the God.”

After receiving her address, Robin left the station.

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Jennifer looked at Robin’s wallet, satisfied with the job she had done. She lived in an old low-middle-class locality. There was ‘Black House’ nameplate on the gate. There was a small room on the top of the house. As a habit, she took a peg of rum and entered the kitchen in the evening. She lit the stove to prepare an omelet. She put a cigarette between her lips, and looking for a lighter, she turned back. She saw Robin there offering to light her cigarette. She was shocked at his unexpected presence. She had not experienced such an occurrence before.

“I am not a complete idiot. Some parts are missing.”

She was still looking surprised.

He continued, “For the first time in my life, I’ve been cheated. If I were cheated once, it would be your mistake. However, I was cheated for the second time. It is purely my mistake,” he said with some anxiety. Suppressing his anger, he snatched his wallet from her hand.

“How did you come to know my address?”

“It isn’t a big problem getting a thief and prostitute address from the police.”

This time she did not show any sign of being ashamed. “Then, have you come lick my ‘head office’, I mean my ‘private place’?” she asked.

“No. I haven’t,” he said with irritation.

“How much did you spend to come here?”

“Around fifty dollars.”

“I don’t understand this fucking business; no idiot spends fifty for twenty, do they?”

“Of course not, but I don’t like to be cheated. That’s my character.”

She immediately pulled the wallet from his hand and threw it on the burning stove. He shocked. He controlled his angry.

“When I hope to get something, it must be mine, but not others. No compromise on that. This is my character,” she said rather egotistically.

There was total silence for some time, and then she suddenly burst into laughter. Her character puzzled him. He was watching her carefully and trying to study her psychology. She appeared to take his behavior easily.

He became normal and friendly asked, “By the way, what is your name?”

“My latest name is Jennifer. What is your sexy name, my dear?”

“Cole...Robin Cole.” He imitated Sean Connery’s lovely tone like, ‘Bond...James Bond.’

“Why are you imitating, ‘Bond...James Bond’?”

**End of Preview.**

**Rest of the book can be read @**

**<http://kinige.com/book/The+Skeleton+Ghost>**

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